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The Kindergarten

Anne E. Allen

The two following stories are to be used in connection with the Kindergarten outline for March and April, which appeared in the March number of the *COURSE OF STUDY*.

The Work of the Winds

There was not a breath of wind blowing, away out on the lake, where a number of white sails stood waiting for a puff of wind to come and help them in to the shore.

A miller sat outside his mill waiting anxiously for enough wind to come to move the great fans that turned the wheels. He had a great deal of grain to grind for many hungry people, and until the wind came to do its work, the poor miller could do nothing.

All the weather-vanes were still, and the smoke came lazily out of the chimneys and went where it pleased, because there was no wind to toy with it.

Everything was waiting and watching for the South Wind, she of the warm spring-time who brought gentle, warm rains that burst the seeds into life, and wakened all of sleeping nature.

All winter long the North Wind had been at his work, helped by the East and West winds.

"It must be too early for the South Wind, so let us have a frolic together," said the North Wind to the other two.

"Perhaps we can do her work," said the West Wind.

"I know we can do some of it," the East Wind said; and off they started together.

Away across the lake they began. First,

they filled the sails of the ship out on the waters, and blew the waves higher and higher. The sailors shifted their sails first to catch this wind and then that, until they steered their boats into harbor.

Next, the fans of the great mill they caught, and the miller with glad surprise saw them begin to turn round and round, and the wheels inside began to grind the grain that had been in place waiting for so long to be turned into flour or meal.

The weather-vanes, high up on the houses, pointed now this way and now that, as first one wind blew and then another.

The boys began coming out with their kites, but the winds were too strong for any but the toughest ones, which danced and whirled away up in the air.

The clothes that hung out on the lines were soon dry enough to be taken in by the washerwomen, who had been waiting all day long, wishing for the sun or wind to come and dry them.

Then the winds began to be very mischievous. Hats were taken off of heads and blown down the streets; every bit of loose paper was caught up into the air, until there seemed to be hundreds of kites flying; the dust was blown over everything, and leaves that had been hidden all winter, with seeds tucked under them, were blown out into the air and scattered where the sun and rain were able to find them.

Soon the South Wind came. She brought with her all she was expected to bring. It was not long before the bare, brown earth was green once more; the violets and dandelions were out, and spring had really come.

Bluster, Bright, and Sprinkle

Once there were three great giants, who were the good and helpful friends of the tiny flowers, the great trees, the brooks, and all the little woodland inhabitants. Neither the blue violets nor the delicate white snow-drops could ever have wakened in the spring, nor the great red roses and yellow sunflowers could have opened their eyes in the summer; the trees could not have put on their green dresses, nor the pussy-willows have thrown off their fur caps, if Bright had not been ready to warm the big brown house where their winter's bed was found, when Jack Frost came riding on old Bluster's back. Nor could they ever have crawled into such cozy places if Bluster had not run with them and tucked them in quickly, and then with his great hand gathered up dried leaves and earth to make warm comforts for them. Who but Sprinkle would have remembered that little baby seeds get thirsty during the winter, and could have given them the good drinks and gentle pats that this great friendly giant sent down to them?

Tightly wrapped in their beds, they lay waiting for Spring to call them; gentle, loving Spring, who always needs and calls upon her three great giant friends to help her bring the birds back home, and to waken the flower-babies and set them to work. She had sent Bright to touch, with his warm fingers, the big brown house, and had asked Sprinkle to tap at the doors and tell the little flower-people to get up. Bluster was ready to welcome them as they peeped out, and blew his warm breath on their little cold green hands.

The violets by the thousand were nodding their tiny purple caps; the snow-drops had peeped up, had finished their work, and gone to sleep again; the robins, who had gone off for their winter's trip, had come back, and the little brooks had been filled with water, and were dancing

merrily among the stones, thanking old Sprinkle for the quantities of water he had brought them, while — would you believe it? — one Pussy Willow, with her little brown fur cap closely tied on, was still asleep. The violets called to her that it was time to get up, and Robin Redbreast, as he flew by, called to her, saying: "Oh, you lazy Pussy! How can you stay asleep so long, when everybody else has wakened and gone to work?" Pussy heard, but her mother had told her to wait, for Jack Frost was still lurking around and might come back, so she had best keep on her warm cap.

Bluster, Bright, and Sprinkle talked about her and wondered why she had not wakened. Sprinkle said: "I believe she is thirsty; I will give her a cool drink and bath, and maybe that will rouse her."

Bluster said: "No, she is lazy; I will shake her and make her get up."

Bright said nothing, but quietly waited. Sprinkle sent down a shower of cold water, which made Pussy draw her cap all the more closely about her.

Bluster shook her, at first gently; but, finding she would not wake up, shook harder and harder, and at last, very roughly, but Pussy did not stir.

They went back and told Bright what they had done, and how Pussy still kept on her fur cap. Bright smiled, and said, "I will see what I can do."

Calling all his little sunbeams to him, he told them Pussy Willow's story, and asked if they would like to go and help her to waken and enjoy the springtime. Joyfully they started off to work. Joining hands, they danced around Pussy, making her feel warm and comfortable. Softly and lovingly they tapped on the little fur cap.

Pussy Willow heard them, felt their warm and gentle touch; and while they worked, out she peeped, and saw her good friends and playfellows helping her. She threw off her brown fur cap, and shaking her

silky gold hair, nodded and smiled at the violets and dandelions around her.

Bluster and Sprinkle shook their heads and wondered how Bright had waked her. Bright said nothing, yet still kept on working.

The next time Robin flew by he stopped to speak to Pussy, and to sit and sing to her, telling her, in his song, how sorry he was that he had laughed at her, and how glad that she had at last come out to enjoy the springtime. Pussy was happy to see all her friends again, and to swing to and fro as Bluster rocked her gently. She smiled up at Bright, who still sent his children to play with her.

She thanked Sprinkle whenever he sent her cool, fresh water to drink—as he sometimes did when the days were hot and dusty.

The last we saw of Pussy and her neighbors, she was merrily laughing, surrounded by the violets, dandelions, and spring beauties, the center of a circle, around which her three giant friends were dancing, hand in hand; Sprinkle throwing drops of crystal water over her golden yellow hair, out of which Bluster was trying to shake the drops as he blew the silky threads, and Bright smiling on her until each tiny hair looked like gold, and each drop of water a *real* diamond.

ANNE E. ALLEN.

First and Second Grades

Harriet T. B. Atwood

Geography: (See I, under "Nature Study.") The geography work will be a study of the soil relations of areas visited during March and April, and it therefore will not be differentiated from the work in nature study for this month.

Field-trips proposed:

1. Visit to Beverly Hills to see the first spring flowers.
2. Visit to the ravine at Glencoe.

Nature Study: I. Soil studies, associated with the planning of a school garden. The work will be taken up as follows:

1. Selection of the best site available for a garden. Question: What factors must be considered in selecting the site?
2. Examination of the soil of chosen site. Question: What work must be done before seeds are planted? (a) Note packed condition of soil. (b) Note quality of soil.
3. Examination of the different soils which came from the various regions visited during the year. Questions: Which soil would be best for the garden? How determine the best soil?
4. Experiments to determine the relative values for garden purposes of dune sand, swamp muck, clay from bluff at Lakeside, loam from woods, soil from school-yard.

(a) To determine the capacity of various soils to retain water. Material needed: baking-powder cans with perforated bottoms, cheesecloth, 100 c.c. graduate, scales and weights.

Put given amount of air-dry sifted soil into a can with sieve bottom, over which a piece of cheesecloth is tied. Tamp gently, to imitate natural compactness as nearly as possible. Gently pour on water (using graduate so that the amount of water may be known) until it drips away below. Calculate the amount of water held by the soil in question. Use the same amount of a different soil and repeat the experiment.

(b) To determine rate of evaporation from different soils. Material needed: same as in (a). After performing the experiment as directed under (a), weigh the cans of saturated soils. Place them in the open air, and weigh at intervals of a day until they cease to lose weight.

(c) To determine the constituents of the various soils. Material needed: sieves with different sized meshes, large jar, small pans, oven.

By sifting and washing, the children will discover that the different soils contain gravel, coarse sand, fine sand and loam, in varying proportions. By weighing a given amount of soil, burning the same, and reweighing, the